

Alien Masters 201

Chapter 201

Master Evan bound my arms behind me from my wrists to my elbows. | couldn't go through this again.

Pushing a kneeling place with my foot | placed it in front of Master Damien and knelt down. | kissed his boots and begged forgiveness.

"Ask my Brothers," he said simply.

| pushed the kneeling place around the room with my foot and begged each of them while kissing their boots. By the time | reached the last man | was pleading shamelessly. Last time I'd been bound like this it had lasted all day. | couldn't go through that again.

Master Bane undid the bonds and | turned to hug him. He tilted my face to his and kissed my lips voraciously. | poured all my passion back at him.

"I am hungry, Damien, but not for meat," he said running a hand down my body. Master Bane's hand landed on my hip and drifted to a round meaty butt. | knew what he liked lay between my cheeks. He wanted my ass, he loved it, so | offered it to him.

| stepped away from him, much to his surprise. Leaning over the table on widely spaced feet | spread myself with my hands. The plug and my still sopping pussy were lewdly displayed in this position. | stroked the plug with my fingertips and moaned when a second set joined mine.

Master Bane slowly pulled at the plug until it slipped from me. "You will not need this to fill you," he said huskily.

| continued to hold myself open, expecting an assault. Instead | felt hot breath lower on my wet pussy lips. Master Evan licked and nibbled running his tongue teasingly over my clit for several minutes.

"This is what | have been craving, Brothers," Master Evan said running his fingers where his tongue had been.

| was breathless with excitement and anticipation. Everyone had stopped what they were doing, but they weren't touching me. Master Evan's fingers continued to just lightly caress and stroke.

Slowly | turned to watch Master Evan until he knelt before me. | tugged at the ties on the top of his shirt and then pulled it over his head.

He rose to stand and | started to work on his pants. Pushing my kneeling place with my foot, | knelt before him and helped him remove his boots. Master Evan's pants were the last item of clothing to slide from his body.

Master Bane stepped in front of me next, followed by all of his Brothers. In quick succession | undressed all of them. Soon they stood staring at me with nothing between me and their bobbing erections.

"Now, Masters," | demanded throatily. "Please fuck me." I turned and Leaned back on the table and waited.

Hands grabbed by hair and pulled me back until | was flush

Master Bane spoke as he held me, "I wish to see it

"I wish to hear our names," Master Kein said from beside him.

Master Bane leaned down and picked me up, carrying me toward the bedroom. | saw \ after pheist of their covers across the bed. | had forgotten how they Liked things decorated and their new obsession with their names.

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As soon as we stepped through the threshold to the bedroom, | started to whisper words of love into Bane's ear. | used his name repeatedly.

He seemed reluctant to put me down once we reached the bed.

Once | was finally laid across their covers | wiggled around on it. | tried to repeat sexy poses I'd seen in magazines on Earth. | remembered having seen my uncle's skin magazines, so | used those as guides.

They watched me with interest as | attempted to reproduce those displays of blatant sexuality. Damien touched my bent knee and | opened it further for him, in invitation. His gaze travelled from between my legs, over my breasts, until it rested on my face. jay the words," he demanded with fire in his eyes.

| love you, Damien," | answered automatically, that's what they'd wanted last time.

He smiled and knelt on the bed between my spread Legs. "I know you do," he said with his usual confidence, "but that is not what | need to hear."

Damien's large warm hands rested on the inside of my knees, stroking up toward my center and then back to my ankles. "This position you put yourself in," he said cocking an eyebrow, "it seems to offer me certain...liberties."

"Yes," | said trying to still look seductive and not utterly confused, "I am yours Damien, take any liberty you want."

His Brothers chuckled with him as Bane captured my attention. He stood with his arms crossed and a smile on his face. "Do you desire my brother?" he asked seriously.

Understanding Lit my face as | looked back at Damien. "I want you, Damien. Please use me for your pleasure; it would be mine also."

That was what he wanted me to say. Permission granted, he crawled up my body and aimed his length. A low moan escaped my lips as he drove himself home. The sound affected him and | felt the low, rumbling sigh roll through him as we joined.

"Will you kiss me?" | asked running my hands up and down his taut frame.

Damien obliged and our lips met. The kiss soon mimicked the actions lower down. | sucked on his tongue as he plunged it repeatedly into my waiting mouth.

"Do you want this?" he asked pulling his mouth away from mine and grinding against me.

"Yes," I cried coming undone beneath him, "I want you. Oh God, I want you so badly, please don't stop!"

The orgasm was rapid, the first one with them always was, My ass arched & I lifted myself against him. Damien refused to be done with me, though.

An arm looped under one knee and it was pulled up, opening me further.

There was no escape in this position and I was helpless beneath Damien's strong hands. He fell over me splitting me impossibly wide around his cock.

As Damien relaxed in post orgasm bliss he released my leg. It glided down the length of his body until it had slipped between my thighs again. He took his weight on his own arms and his head rested beside mine.

"Who next?" he asked me quietly. "Tell me which of my Brothers you want."

So that was the game this time. They wanted permission and acceptance.

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That I was more than happy to give, but I hated to choose one over the other.

"I love all your Brothers, Damien," I purred, nipping his ear. "I can't pick."

"Pick," Damien commanded, "or we don't let you come again."

Bane had carried me in here, so I said his name.

Damien pulled himself away and cool air of the cabin washed over me.

Without Damien's warm heat the thin sheen of sweat over my breasts made them tighten and peak.

"Add fuel to the warmer, Kein," Bane requested as his eyes ravished me.

On impulse | did for Bane what I'd done for Damien and tried to look seductive. Bane cocked his head to the side and took it in. "| think," he finally said, "I like the way you offered yourself to me in the kitchen."

Without hesitation, | obliged. My feet settled widely apart as | slid off the bed. | bent over the blue covers and pulled myself open for his gaze. The position was lewd and suggestive, but | knew they wanted more. Today they wished permission.

"| want you, Bane," | whispered straining my neck to make eye contact with him. "Oil me and fill me. Please, I'm begging you."

Big hands grasped my hips. His hands pushed up to my rib cage and then back down. Fingers stroked over mine as | continued to hold myself open for him. Eventually he settled with grasping my waist firmly.

The oil was drizzled over the crack of my ass. | felt the cool liquid sliding down toward the wet feeling Damien had left on me. Something was spreading the oil up and down and it was not Bane's hands. He was coating his cock in the oil as he rubbed against me.

A quick thrust forward made me want to pull away, but | didn't. He'd aimed himself well and driven past the tight ring of muscle with one solid push. | moaned and cried out at the intrusion.

Bane didn't stop, but he slowed himself. He passed a hand, in long soothing strokes, over my back "Hands on the bed, Ciara," he ordered.

Glad to have some control of my own balance, | eagerly did as he asked.

He used my increased steadiness to press himself fully into my body. | heard his groan of pleasure as he buried himself completely.

As usual he had me feeling stuffed, almost to the point of pain, but not quite. Instead the soadation of fWrasdWS erotic and sensual. My hands fisted in the blankets as Bane slowly started to move.

| felt the sway as my breasts rocked with each powerful thrust. cass up|sa ein padlndibed t em, also.

came to sit on the bed, playing lovingly with the swaying mounds.

It was Christof's hands that brought me off, though. He grinned as he rubbed my clit in counter to Bane' thrusts. The tensigiyoGih itrnay belly util) bistied and my knees felt weak. It was only Bane's desire to keep me up that kept me from the floor. They congratulated Christof on his skill, even after all this time he still had it.

Bane roared behind me a second later. He sped up and gripped my sweaty hips tightly. He was Like a bull behind me huffing and rutting as he came.

| chose Christof next. Kneeling on the bed | watched my friend crawl up beside me. For a moment he looked at me the way the old Christof had.

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The love in his eyes was so evident | reached for him. "Make love to me," | requested as | pulling him closer

His face was questioning as he knelt in front of me. "Explain 'make love' to me," he requested. "This phrase is not from our Language. The words we understand, but not the combination."

| smiled at his curiosity and cupped his face. This was probably going to be one of those times, but I'd try to explain.

"Sex between us is about physical pleasure," | said kissing the corner of his mouth. "Making love is about emotional pleasure. It means using sex to show | care about you and you care about me."

Christof accepted the loving kisses across his lips and cheeks. It was evident he was thinking about what I'd said. "You do not care for us," Kein finally said from the side sounding confused. "We care for you, though."

Chuckling at his misinterpretation of the sentence | ran my fingers along Christof's jaw and down his neck. | touched his chest and stomach lightly, teasing him with the gentle caress.

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"| care about you," | answered still looking at Christof. "I worry about your happiness. When you are not with me, | think of you and hope you are well. | cannot care for you, but | care about you."

Leaning forward | nuzzled Christof's neck and nipped at his ears. A low groan sounded in his throat as his hands pulled me closer. Continuing to suck at his neck | smiled to myself. He wasn't fighting the idea anymore. A quick glance around the room proved no one was fighting the idea anymore.

Reaching down | wrapped a hand around Christof's staff. | pumped him slowly enjoying the silky feel of him against my palm. This earned another low sound from my chosen man.

"Lay with me," he said softly pulling me until | curled against his side. | looked into his eyes and found him beaming at me. "| like 'making love'," he said simply tracing my cheekbone.

Leaning over his grinning face | kissed him softly. The kiss gained momentum quickly. The tangle of tongues continued as his hand wrapped in my hair, securing me to his mouth. Pressing him into the bedding, | devoured his mouth.

"Get on top of me," he ordered pulling my hips over his.

| looked down at him doubtfully and stilled my movements. Being on the bottom was what the women did to them. It struck me as wrong to do this to him now.

"| want you, Christof," | told him honestly, "but | want this to make you happy. You don't have to lay underneath me."

He smiled and his face was lit with kindness. "I like to see you above me," he said honestly. "I Like to know every motion is your choice, as well as, mine."

It was a stunning admission, | thought, but no one else seemed to notice. | straddled\fitr(ahd'st started to slowly: (2 on his staff. This was my choice, but | made his pleasure a priority and sought to give it to him.

It didn't take long to find what he liked. Christof liked small, fast movement forwardgr@pack His" hands. fouha Whigs and he held them loosely. He seemed to be trying to stop himself from grabbing and controlling the pace.

"Harder," | leaned down and whispered in his ear, "please, my love, take me harder."

It was the permission he had wanted and he took it. Long fingers Wrapped around until his sh pailsaven |

ee Gott om. His hips rose

e bed pressing up as his hands

ae me down. | may have been on top, but now he was certainly fucking me.

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From my vantage | had the perfect view of his face. A second row of razor sharp teeth dropped down and | was soon staring into a mouth of fangs. Christof growled and screamed as he found his release in my body.

Once my hips were freed | pulled myself off his staff and Lay down beside him. Christof refused to release me and | snuggled against his side. He calmed slowly.

“Thank you,” he whispered looking dreamily into my eyes. Christof was sated, but Evan and Kein weren't. They were ready. “| want you both,” | said reaching a hand out to each of them. “I can't choose,” | said honestly watching their hot eyes.

It was Kein who came forward first. He towered over me for a moment before laying down beside me. He liked the way Christof had had his fun. Watching my breasts dance and sway as we fucked would be enjoyable.

“Do you like that?” he asked nervously. “Christof always has said you like that. He thinks you Like it, but do you?” His concern was odd, but | didn't falter.

“The position doesn't matter to me. | just enjoy seeing you happy. If you like to see my breasts bounce before you, then that is how we should be.”

He smiled and watched as | sat up and slung a leg over him.

| rode Kein as I'd done with Christof. He lay beneath me enjoying the view this gave him. My thighs started to tire and | felt him tensing beneath me. His fangs were down and | knew he was close.

“Stop,” he ground out, holding my hips tightly.

Kein released one hip and he pinched the nipple with their crest. Using it like a lever he pulled my top half down to his mouth. As | panted above him, he laved a breast with his tongue.

“Stretch your legs,” he commanded. “Let them relax for a moment.”

| did as he asked and ended up sprawled in a very strange position above him, with his cock still inside of me. Kein's appendage stayed hard, but lost that feeling that told me he was close to finishing.

Teeth pressed into the soft skin on the underside of my breast and I froze. Kein didn't break skin and slowly moved toward the nipple, biting softly. Eventually he'd nibbled the entire breast, as well as, its twin.

Once he was satisfied he'd explored the mounds to his satisfaction, he asked me to move again. The cycle continued for many more times. Kein would bring himself to near completion and then calm his Lust on my breasts. The relentless stimulation above and below had me cresting and spasming long before he was done.

Evan was last and the sweating mess I was seemed to be what he wanted.

He Literally cleaned the sweat from my entire body UO SE

So red with riya and the sensation was unreal.

Warm Lips wrapped around my littlest toe and his tongue bathed it. Each toe on both feet returned the same tidant By the time he reached my great toe on my second foot I was fighting not to kick out at the strange tickling sensation.

"Stay still and let me enjoy the taste of you," he ordered Licking like an adoring puppy at my knee. Each leg was thoroughly enjoyed and tasted. Every inch of my body was worshipped by Evan's searching tongue.

He lapped lovingly at the juncture of my thighs. I flushed pink in Suet sian al ig he tasted brothers) dbWwn'there also. The

en didn't seem to mind, though. They just watched as he used his skilled tongue to bring me a bone-shattering orgasm.

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I advised him breathlessly as he nibbled my hipbones, "sometimes coat each other in things that taste good and then lick it off."

They found that funny. | had to laugh as Evan continued to Lick from my waist to my ribs. The image they had was not what | had intended at all.

“| would find it odd to baste you in the juices of roasted meat,” Kein said leaning on the post at the center of the bed.

| tried to explain we would use sweet things and they still did not understand. Evan summed up their argument as he started to lick my sensitive breasts.

“| enjoy the taste of you,” he said pausing in his worship. “If | wished to taste meat or something edible, | would be tasting that. Now be silent and let me finish,” he demanded.

When he made it to my face and tasted my lips, | tasted him back. He liked the attention, but demanded | stop. Evan did not want to get lost tasting my mouth before he was done.

Silly man made me close my eyes and licked the soft skin of my eyelids. He didn’t miss a part of me. My entire self felt stimulated and ready.

Evan's quest of my flesh ended while | Lay on my stomach. He finished tasting my back and | was just Lounging lazily. The experience had been like a very light, wet massage.

Now | felt a different sort of rub. Evan lay over me and sucked on my neck, Rhythmically he thrust his cock between the cheeks of my ass.

From the feel of it, he was hard and ready.

“You made me feel so good,” | whispered to him. “I want you. How would you like to take your turn?”

“| want to taste your mouth as we...make Love,” Evan said firmly.

Raising off of me, I was given just enough space to roll over before Evan descended again. He filled me before I had time to move again. His big tongue filled my mouth as his cock filled the ready warmth Lower down.

As I moaned insensibly, Evan pounded himself home each time. The tongue bath had been the subtle build up. This was just raw, uncontrolled fucking.

I clung to Evan as we moved. When he stopped kissing to just watch me, I screamed my pleasure to the room. His happy grunts told me that was what he wanted to hear.

As I felt Evan growing impossibly larger, I whined and whimpered beneath him. My sensitive flesh was stimulated and primed. When Evan exploded inside of me, I followed suit clinging to him as I came.

I lay on the bed panting once they were done with me. Evan pulled himself out and moved inside. I moved or spoke as I got my breath back. When I opened my eyes Evan was right in my face.

"If we are courtesans, Ciara, what does that make you?" he asked. I thought about it for a moment. Lying was not an option with them, so I told the truth. "I am your slave, Evan."

"Perhaps not, Ciara, perhaps you are also a

slave etched out\ Watching the ceiling.

I couldn't let it happen.

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"No, Damien, I am a slave. You do not pay me and I cannot ask for days to go other places. We are different," I assured him.

ALL the men were silent and they didn't move to clean me. I felt sticky and was slowly leaking their cum; I wanted to bathe. Still, they just lay there around me.

"Humans are different," Bane suddenly said. "That is why it is a happy slave."

The men murmured agreement and | had to suppress the urge to roll my eyes. | wanted to explain to them | wasn't happy being a slave; I'd just made up my mind to make the most of my life. Being miserable would just make me feel worse and | would still be a slave.

ANGELA'S LIBRARY

Finally, Christof rose from the bed and picked me up.

"How do you know about courtesans, Ciara? Were you one?" he asked.

"No, Christof," | chuckled. "I heard other humans talk about them. Courtesan is an old word in my Language." Christof sat on the bed still holding me. My chance for a bath diminished and | looked longingly at the door "Tell us about them," he demanded.

| told them everything | knew. Thankfully, I'd seen a show on the History channel at home. Strategically, | left out the part that the courtesans | knew about were all women. | just allowed the word "human" to suffice to explain them and let the men assume | meant other men.

"Courtesans on my world were humans that were the sexual partners of other humans. They did it as a job for money, but often found themselves in positions of power," | said.

"How?" Christof asked. "Where is the power in this arrangement we have with the women?"

| couldn't say for sure; most of what | was saying was based on my best guesses. I'd never expected to need to use this knowledge to keep them alive. There was no plan. | was just winging it.

"Well," | said clearing my throat, "human courtesans often talked to their patrons, the people that paid them. Those patrons were relaxed around the courtesans. It meant the courtesans could suggest things that other humans could not."

| watched Christof's face carefully as he considered this argument. "The women do sometimes talk with their men," Kein said sitting up.

"The other men speak to the women, but I have never heard what they say," Damien said watching me.

Christof randomly let his hands wander over my arms as he sat thinking. I wondered if at some point he would realize I was leaking all over his lap.

"We are released from service for several days because we asked for them," Evan commie. ""\promise to stay close to the mountains. They have even stayed away as they said they would."

"There are the stones to consider," Bane said. "She did not fae i) tones. It has value'to us, she could have denied us."

"It made me happy," Damien told them. "She said she wanted me to be happy."

"The way we want Ciara to be happy," Evan said his face

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I didn't know what else to say to them. My knowledge of their new life was so Limited.

Christof rose off the bed and headed for the bathing room. I was torn between wanting to bathe and to continue to convince them. As it turned out, I could do both.

Master Christof filled the bathing pool with water and I stepped into it. The warm water swirled against my thighs and I sunk down. I splashed the water up over my shoulders and enjoyed feeling it flowing off. My eyes drifted closed and I relaxed in the water.

Strong hands smoothed over my back and I leaned into them. When a second set ran over my front, I opened my eyes. Everyone had silently entered the bathtub.

Master Christof took the lead, but they shared the task of bathing me.

They also continued to ask questions. It was working, | thought, they seemed to like the new way to look at things.

Again and again over the next five days, we had similar conversations.

They kept wanting to compare their position to mine, but | kept pointing out the differences. | insisted they were not slaves.

“So,” Master Bane said on the fourth day, “we are not slaves, but we do not wish to be in the mountains. We want to go back to the compound and have our slave back.”

“| want that, too, Masters,” | told him softly looking down.

| couldn’t say what | wanted something slightly different. Just like them, | would like to be free. They wanted me back, but as a slave.

Some tiny part of me had hoped they would want me as something more, but that was not to be.

Still, | would make the best of it and take what | could from this strange relationship. | Loved my owners deeply. In their own way, they loved me, although | was certain they didn’t understand it. It was the most | could hope for on this world, so | would take it.

“I wish you could come with us in the mountains,” Master Bane said running his hand over my hip. | smiled at him, Liking the fact they had thought of me. “Nu-reeh refused to let us have you near us in the mountains,” Christof told me sadly.

“She said a slave’s weakness would not be tolerated in the mountains by the women there,” Kein said staring off into space.

They were getting depressed again and | couldn’t bear it. “But we have this,” | said hopefully. “Yes,” Damien smiled, his face brightening, “we still have this.”

My owners consoled themselves and me. They would see that we were able to together the stolen days would be repeated as often as they could.

On the fifth day, I was prepared to go

back to the

recess and left me nude before the fire.

They sat and I knelt in silence for a while as I stared down at the ground. Bane made The rest agreed with him and Master Damien spoke to me.

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"You are right, Ciara," he said sounding pleased. "You always wear our mark. Whether you have a collar or not, you may look at

us.

I looked up at the men and smiled. My hand drifted to the motif that sat so strange and proud on my stomach. No matter what, I was theirs.

It pleased me to know they had finally realized that.

Unlike my fake Masters, my real Masters did not leave me once I was stripped. They waited with me beside the fire until the other men arrived.

The men greeted each other and Master Damien gave my fake Masters a large bag of the stones as payment. They talked briefly before I was put back into my green and gold outfit. After I was ornamented entirely, my fake Masters wrapped me in two brown layers. Once all was ready, we loaded on the transport. I snuck a last look at Master Damien and his Brothers; it had to be enough to sustain me for who knew how long.

We flew home and I stared out over the distance. The men that surrounded me acted like I wasn't even present. They talked about which women they had liked the most and the places they would return next time. As they talked, I thought about Master Damien and his Brothers.

I hoped I had given my owners the right mindset. Perhaps thinking of things a different way would make them happier. If they continued to fight, there were only two outcomes and neither was good.

If the men physically fought the women, I feared the women would kill them. The men were obviously weaker. According to Master Kein the men were also outnumbered. I couldn't imagine it would be much of a battle.

The other option I saw also led to death for my Masters. When they got too upset their bond was damaged. The men didn't do well when they weren't connected to one another. If they were left unconnected, I feared what would become of them.

Of course, I wished they could win a fight with the women and have their freedom. Except for Fuji, I didn't know anyone that wanted to be owned and controlled. Freedom seemed to be the keystone of happiness for the sentient beings I knew.

Looking at my fake Masters I knew that was true. They lived where and how they were told to live, but they still maintained individuality.

Some choices had been taken away, but not all. Binding a creature like either one of us in forced servitude bent our spirit to near breaking.

Why couldn't the women see that? I wondered. Why couldn't Master Damien and his Brothers see that?

I shook my self from the thoughts. It was not going to happen. I was weak and they were strong. According to them I could not care for myself. The men believed I needed them. They would never see it the way I did.

By the time we made it back to the compound | had chased the foolish dreams from my head. Wishing would only depress me, best to focus on the good things | had when | had them. Life would not change just because | wanted it to.

My fake Masters took me inside their dwelling when we got back to the compound. They stripped me and demanded | clean. They sat at their table and counted out the stones Damien had given them. As | washed the apartment they earmarked each stone for a different endeavor.

As | worked | made up my mind to count the day cycles this time. | wanted to know what the length of time was between my meetings with my real Masters. | didn't understand how the different moons turned here and | couldn't use them to track time. The days | could track, so | decided to do that.

Time passed and | counted, ticking off days on my imaginary calender. | wondered

and just pick a day as January 1. For some reason that just didn't seem right. | just numbered the days and watched time pass.

The nausea started thirty one day cycles into my counting. | woke up, vomited, and my upset. me the root and made me stay in the apartment all day. Afraid of my illness, they called Keepers to stay with me.

| wasn't sick again all day. Once the initial nausea and vomiting passed | was even hungry. To tell the truth, | felt guilty they had paid money for Keepers. If | had been left alone it would have been a better day.

Once the men returned that night they asked the Keepers how | had been.

The Keepers told the truth, | had been fine. My fake Masters watched me carefully all night, but | had no more problems until the next morning.

Again, | woke up and threw up. My head spun as | leaned over the lacquered pot in ane room! |

ted Luckily for

e, the sensations mostly subsided several minutes later. Still | didn't want to eat and my stomach felt queasy.

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"Do we send for Healers?" one of my owners asked. "They are very expensive." "It didn't even need the Keepers yesterday," another of them grouched. "We paid them to sit and stare at our experiments all day."

| hated to be seen as a burden. My cost should always be nominal so they would continue to keep me, so | risked irritating them and spoke up.

"When | was sick on Earth, | always stayed home alone. No one ever watched me, Sirs," | told them honestly.

My fake Masters hated to hear me speak, but that is what they wanted to do already. They left me in their rooms and told me to heal myself.

Much like my period | was on my own for the day.

| felt fine now. My stomach was settled. Long ago, | had found where they kept food in the kitchen, so | ate a little about mid morning.

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Everything stayed where it was supposed to.

Bustling around | cleaned the apartment and straightened everything up.

| hummed to myself as | worked and thought of Master Damien and his Brothers. It was morning, so they would be training. Suddenly, | felt vicious. | wanted to tear the head off of my opponent.

A good fight was really what I needed. Being made to sit and watch a fight was boring, even if I was supposed to be learning new techniques.

My Brothers all agreed with me.

The feelings faded and I stood in the living area confused. I didn't have Brothers and I wasn't watching a fight. Perhaps I was losing my mind, I thought. Shaking myself free of the strange feelings I got back to work.

I was sent to the Keepers the next day. The morning nausea happened so I wasn't given a morning meal, but otherwise I was well. Keeping me at home too long might alert the other men something was wrong with me. My owners were tired of hearing about what a sickly slave I had become.

They wanted everything to look normal, so they wouldn't have to hear about it.

"Your cycle will come soon, anyway," one of my owners Beh ihag

tr ngpart (and Ge we will be forced to keep you in our home."

"I would Love to study the organs that make it bleed," one of them said bluntly, "but a human would die if we opened it that way."

My skin crawled and I felt overwhelming fear for a moms They ne I saw

dei spread out in the Living area with my guts hanging out.

A strange comfort came over me a moment later and I spoke with confidence. "Mast ani\his

a way to repay you if you injured me like that. You know it is so, I have nothing to fear from you. You are intelligent, but you are not as strong."

The transport stopped abruptly and the Warriors around me stared at me.

The looks on their faces should have had me cowering on the floor, but they didn't. I knew that what I had said was the truth.